

Ladies' Department.

POETRY.

Hypocrisy.

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,
The God of goodness, was an under taker,
Well pleased to wrap the soul's unlucky men
In sorrow's dismal cape or bombazine.

Dr. Wolcott.

Griefs.

I thank the sobs for I am not great,
For if there ever came a grief to me,
I cry my cry in silence, and have done;
None know it, and my tears have brought
me no good.
But even were the griefs of little ones
As great as those of great ones, yet this grief
is added to the griefs the great must bear,
That whosoever much they may desire
Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud.

—Tranquill.

Love's Imperiousness.

Love always looks for love again
If ever, though it is vain,
And till it finds its counterpart
It leaves about an aching heart.
It leaves with itself content;
Wisdom, with what the gods have sent;
For Love, when they look down upon it,
From foot will have all things or no.

Who dare deny his high demands,
Let him beware, for he hath hands;
Stout hands that love, and swift to slay,
And feel that know themselves the way
To where his parted self may be.
"Go, find, and fetch her unto me,"
He cries, and straightway they are twain,
Love always will have love again.

LOVERS' MOUNTAIN.

We think the scene was in Switzerland,
But the mountain, though high enough to tax his heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another and shook their heads, but all admired the young man, and some of his attendants, looking at the village daisies, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullenly repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson.

The young man (the son of a small landed proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility,) stood, respectful-looking but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his lady-love, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face, which he contemplated with such transport as is known only to true lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how the dispensing with formality ennobles and makes grateful the emolument.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, anxious, yet hopeful. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valor. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and she dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd (which, nevertheless, she beheld not,) and now on her hand and her finger ends, which she doubled up toward her with a pretty pretense—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and, coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, to put an end to this mummery;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if encouraging his lady love. They mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate, and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout, the lover resumes his way. Slow but not feeble is his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain that the lady kisses him on the forehead. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He as-

cends slower than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again, and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms, as if to lighten him. See! he is almost at the top! He steps, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now—he is all but on the top! He halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly, he turns full front toward the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward. Yes; every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him. See at last! he is on the top! and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won! he has won! But neither of them gets up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron puts spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Halfway he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side. "Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practiced this feat before on purpose to deceive me; arise." "You can not expect it, my lord," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind, "Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed."

"Part them!" said the baron. Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate them. These people close in; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "Heaven forbid they should ever be parted more!" said a venerable man, "they can never be." He turned his old face, streaming with tears and looked up at the baron: "My lord, they are dead!"

Lack of Economy in Little Things.
It is possible that some of the most systematic housekeepers would be surprised if a fair estimate of all the little items wasted, the small leaks that find their way each day into the household economy, were spread out before them, even when they imagine that no nook or corner and no use of material has escaped their vigilant oversight.

The cellar, laundry, and kitchen are among the places that demand daily care if one would guard against much waste. It is incredible how much that could be profitably used, either for the family or to help the poor, is thrown away or rendered worthless through the lack of a little economy. The wastefulness of only one day is small, perhaps, and not easily recognized; but the mischief once begun, and suffered to pass on unrebuked, piles up very rapidly till it reaches the sum total at the end of the year, which is found to be immense.

For instance, the waste of soap and starch alone in the hands of an ordinary good laundress, week after week, would easily supply a poor family with all they would require. Clothes-lines and clothes-pins left out all week to rot and mildew, instead of being brought in and put in their proper place, will help to swell the list of expenses at the end of the year more than one would at first imagine, not only by the actual expense, but more by the injury done to clothes by this neglect.

Coal and kindling wood are also among the things that a young housekeeper will be in danger of giving less attention to than to many others of minor importance, particularly if she has both a cook and a laundress. But the lavish expenditure of both coal and wood in the laundry and kitchen through mismanagement or indolence is no unimportant drain in the course of a year, if not stopped at an early date.

If a girl is tardy in rising in the morning, and feels the necessity of hurried preparations to start the washing or the breakfast, if she has learned that she need fear no detection from her mistress she will probably fill her grate with kindling wood, and when fairly ignited feed the fire with a larger size of hard wood to expedite her work. She is well aware that a brick wood fire will bring the wash-water to a boiling point or heat the ovens much quicker than coal can possibly do it. So a good deal of wood and a very little coal is used till after the water is hot or the breakfast ready, when she spares time to add coal, and can easily wait for that to get well under way.

Turn to another illustration: waste in preparing vegetables. Few understand how much is lost in preparing fruit or vegetables for cooking. This seems a very little thing to speak of, but watch the cook a few minutes when peeling

apples, potatoes, squash, or turnips. See how large a proportion is taken off in the thick parings. When there are animals on the place to eat all refuse matter the extravagance is not so startling, only it seems a great pity to throw the best part of our fruit and vegetables to the hogs or chickens, and by so doing make our food less nutritious. The sweetest and best parts of all these comforts lie nearest the skin, and the thinner the peeling the finer is the flavor of the fruit or vegetable.

From the kitchen—although we have not hinted at half the waste to be found there—there is but a step to the dining room, where we can "spy out the land" in that region, and we therefore give it a passing glance, though we do not intend to search the whole house or examine the skeleton in every closet. One needs but a look at the pieces of unbroken bread, the butter in the solitary butter plates that has not even been defaced or marked by a knife, the large quantities of food left on the plates, the thick mass of sugar at the bottom of each cup, all of which will be ruthlessly scraped into the swill-tub—to see that at the dining table there is a waste that must in the end prove a heavy tax on people in moderate circumstances, and a sinful carelessness even for the rich.

"Ah! yes. But this is the fault of our servants. They are so ignorant, so wasteful, so careless and disobedient."

But are you not the mistress? Whose place but yours to watch their shortcomings, and take active measure to prevent them? Servants are often great trials; but would they be half so troublesome if the mistress's eyes were more frequently over every portion of her house; if her maidens understood perfectly that while she was kind and in no wise overbearing she was at the same time efficiently observant; that she was just to them and also to the interests committed to her charge? That while they could but see that she was thoughtful of their interests, she also firmly insisted that they should reciprocate by being thoughtful of hers. That she was ready to give them all needful instruction, showing them, by personal superintendence just what she required; but that having thus faithfully instructed them she was firmly determined to have her instructions carried out, or she could not retain them in her service.—*Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.*

Seasonable Hints.

The greenhouse will now begin to look more natural, after having had the stock housed last month. With many plants having probably been taken up out of the open ground, many dead leaves will daily appear, requiring frequent removal; neatness is one of the chief beauties of a greenhouse. Acaecias, and Australian plants generally, with hard wood and delicate roots, should be placed at the coolest end of the house, where little water will be required. These plants should not be watered often; but when they are, it should be thorough. Frequent waterings soon render the roots of these plants unhealthy, when it is very difficult to restore them to vigor. Whenever the foliage becomes of sickly yellow hue, the best plan is to plunge the plant into a larger pot, filling the space with moss, and when the plant requires water, give it only through the moss, unless the plant seem to become so dry as to suffer, when it should receive one thorough watering. Very little fire should be applied to the greenhouse, just sufficient to keep it about 45 degrees. Unless very far north, but little fire-heat will be required this month.

Window plants should not be kept very warm at this season. They should have all the sun and air, and as little of the artificial heat of the room as possible. These remarks apply especially to mignonette, which is very impatient of indoor confinement. Succulents, such as cacti, are excellent window plants in this respect, as the dry air does not affect them. To keep the air about the plants moist, is one of the secrets of window culture. Some who have very fine windows stocked with fine plants, make glazed cases with folding doors of them, by which, when the room is highly heated and very dry, they can be enclosed in an atmosphere of their own. Where it is not convenient to have the window enclosed from the room by a folding door, much benefit has been found by using a simple curtain. This will prevent injury from the coal or illuminating gas, which is often as destructive as the dry atmosphere.

Aquariums are now so well understood, as to be in a fair way to become essentials in the room-gardening of all persons of taste. Growing plants, fishes and water reptiles are placed in the same globe or tank of water, and the gases which the

fish reject are the food of the plants; while the plants, on the other hand, prepare the elements necessary for the health of the fish. By this beautiful principle of reciprocity, both plants and animals remain in perfect health, without the water scarcely ever being changed. A tank for plants and animals might form the base of a pretty parlor ornament, a central portion consisting of a case for ferns and similar plants, and a cage for birds on top.

Make Home Comfortable.

There are always more or less repairs needed around the house at this season of the year. There are panes of glass needed in the windows of the house or cellar. Don't wait till severe cold weather comes before you put them in, but anticipate the cold, and be prepared to meet it. There are generally many repairs needed about every dwelling house, and now is the time to make them. Are your door locks all in good order? There are so many tramps, so many worthless men, black and white, living without work, and that must live some way, honestly or dishonestly, that it is well to guard against them. We anticipate a great deal of crime the coming winter. It is largely on the increase.

Are your cellars frost-proof? If not, make them so, so that you can store your potatoes, apples, turnips, pumpkins &c., safely. Every farmer should lay in a good supply of vegetables in fall for winter, and he should have a cellar which will keep them safe from freezing.

Arrangements should now be made to lay in a supply of bacon, lard, &c., for the year. Be sure to fatten enough hogs so that you will not have to buy pork before hog-killing time again. It is also well to kill a beef and salt down a portion of it, and dry all the good pieces that will answer for the purpose. It will come in good play at almost any time.

But while the physical wants of the family need attention, the intellectual wants must not be forgotten. There is plenty of leisure for reading in the long winter evenings and on stormy days, and a supply of good papers and books must be provided. One can't raise a sprightly, intelligent family without good papers and books in the house. This is the season to obtain them.

Over-Governed Children.

A girl that is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her and put on her, till she is 10, 12, 15, or 18 years of age, is spoiled. The mother has spoiled her by doing everything for her. The true idea of self-restraint is to let the child venture. A child's mistakes are often better than its no-mistakes; because when a child makes mistakes, and has to correct them, it is on the way toward knowing something. A child that is waked up every morning, and never wakes himself up; and is dressed, and never makes mistakes in dressing himself; and is washed, and never makes mistakes about being clean; and is fed, and never has anything to do with its food; and is watched, and never watches himself; and is cared for, and kept all day from doing wrong—such a child might as well be a tallow candle, perfectly straight, and solid, and comely, and univital, and good for nothing but to be burned up.—*Beecher.*

LIGHT LITERATURE FOR LADIES.

In Church and in State,
It is rule or be ruled;
In courtship or marriage,
It is fool or be fooled;
In logic and law,
It is nick or be nicked;
In gambling and trade,
It is trick or be tricked;
In treaty and war,
It is beat or be beaten;
In the struggle for life,
It is eat or be eaten.

—Miss Susan B. Anthony was chosen a constable in the recent Colorado election.

—Julia Kavanagh, the writer, has died suddenly at Nice. She was fifty-three years old.

—A woman who makes a practice of borrowing a quart of milk generally makes a pint of returning it.

—A Kentucky girl sued an old couple for \$10,000 for slander, and pending the suit ran off and married the defendants' son.

—Mrs. Sarah J. Hale is nearly ninety, and now retires from the editorial chair of *Godley's Ladies' Book*, which magazine she has edited for fifty years.

—Miss Gertrude Jackson is deputy city clerk of New Albany, Ind., and her bookkeeping and business management are extolled by the entire city government.

—Three or four ounces of pure arsenic may be contained in the coloring matter of those "lovely" green tarts which ladies admire so much and wear so generally.

—A Richmond paper reports that Miss Lizzie Van Lew, late Postmaster of that city, has associated herself with a business man in the manufacture of plow points and castings.

—"Oh, George, I'm ashamed of you—rubbing your lips like that after that dear little French girl has given you a kiss?" "I'm not rubbing it out, mammy! I'm rubbing it in!"

—In July, 1777, Anne Marrow was tried and convicted for having, while in man's dress, married three women, in order to steal their clothes. In the pillory she lost both eyes.

—The world is full of kindness when a whole family of church-going adults is ready to take one little child to a menagerie three minutes for the sake of seeing a circus two hours.

—Athletic sports for ladies consist in jumping at conclusions, walking around a subject, running through a novel, and skipping all the news in the papers but deaths and marriages.

—A man who has been traveling in the "far West" says—but he probably misrepresents the matter—that when an Idaho girl is kissed she indignantly exclaims: "Now put that right back where you took it from!"

—Trifles light as hair may change the whole future of a man. For instance, a single golden thread gleaming from his shoulder when his wife always buys black switches may lead to a divorce court.—*Boston Post.*

—Several persons have been poisoned by the coloring matter in stockings in Paris, chemical analysis showing them to contain coralline, which is very poisonous to the human skin. The surface throws out an eruption and a fetid pus.

—Madame Bonaparte, of Baltimore, now over ninety years of age, has become very feeble, and does not venture out of doors. There are apprehensions that her romantic and most eventful career is fast approaching its close.

—A practical joker living near Danbury, Conn., stole a scarecrow from a farmer's cornfield last week, and leaned it up against the owner's door-yard fence. The owner saw it, and supposing it to be a burglar, sat up all night waiting for it to attempt to enter his house.

—The quantity of poison which the leaves of artificial flowers take up in their manufacture seems almost incredible. Careful chemical analysis shows that a twig of twelve leaves often contains ten grains. A lady might thus unconsciously carry poison enough upon her person to destroy twenty of the guests.

—There is a singular contest going on in a Hartford family, where a 60-year-old farmer and his 20-year-old son are both courting the adopted daughter and sister. The girl is in a strait betwixt two; the young man is of the age and suits her, but he can't support a wife, while the old gentleman has plenty of money, and she also owes him a gratitude for taking her from a life of poverty. Meanwhile both parties urge their suits openly and vigorously.

—The fern mania is spreading so that one woman in reach of New York has a fern farm, and makes a good income, sending both fresh and pressed ferns by mail. The little baskets of leaves and grasses, with a dead butterfly posted on the picture, that ladies like to hang in their private rooms, require both taste and some knowledge of natural history to combine the materials, and their sale is one of the ways by which some in reduced circumstances try to earn a few shillings.

—The family of one of the wealthiest dry goods merchants in this city says the *New York Times*, was two mornings ago convulsed by the dreadful tidings that the daughter of the house, a girl of nineteen, had eloped with one of the floor waiters, a man of fifty. What renders the matter the more exasperating in the paternal eye is that the young lady can't be cut off with a dollar, inasmuch as she has a large fortune through her mother, who is deceased. The lover hastened to put the broad Atlantic between them and an indignant parent.

—A school mistress in a suburban town who has long been annoyed by the perversities of a male pupil of nineteen, on one of the closing days of last term kept him in and undertook to whale him. He, however, disarmed her, and returned several kisses for each blow. The school mistress, unable to forgive this breach of discipline, looked him sternly in the face, shaking her forefinger at him in a menacing manner, said solemnly: "William, I will give you precisely fifteen minutes to stop hugging me, and if you disobey me I shall punish you severely."

—It has been observed by an observant philosopher that the bachelor who can handle a baby and not get it upside down, is generally a chap not in particular favor among marriageable girls.

—Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the fire at her feet; but home is where she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else are homeless.

—An exchange thus soliloquizes: "The wise daughter is the pride of her father, yea, her mother also doth delight in her, but the foolish maiden bringeth sorrow. She hangeth on the front gate; she tips up her hat over her left ear; she bangeeth her hair. Her eyes are full of old Nick. She glanceeth over her left shoulder when she promenades the street. Her handkerchief is also seen. Then the dry goods clerk says, 'Ha! ha!' He smileth to himself; he maketh mistakes in the measurement of calico."

—The other day a resident of Vicksburg went up to Thompson's lake to get a shot at a big alligator, and while eating a cold bite in the shade, a man jumped over the fence, presented an old army musket to his head, and cried out: "Stranger, unkniver yer head!" The Vicksburger was dumfounded, but made haste to remove his hat, and exhibited a pate which shone like newly-polished pilpaw. "Stranger, that saves ye!" continued the man, shouldering his musket. "I thought ye was that red-headed colporter what charged my wife seventy cents for a testimonial that hadn't got a goldarned picture in it."—*Lake City Reporter.*

Domestic Hints.

THE KITCHEN.—Do not carpet, even with oil cloth, your kitchen; its floor can only be kept clean by daily washing, and it is also much more wholesome. A painted floor, or better still, one simply oiled, is the thing to be most desired for the kitchen.

PEPPER.—Pepper is the spice most frequently employed in this country; like other spices it is useful in seasoning, but great care should be taken not to use it in large quantities, as it injures the stomach and renders the digestion of plain food difficult. Children should not use pepper.

READING.—Be sure you have sufficient light, and avoid the direct rays upon your eyes. In writing, the light should be received over the left shoulder. Don't stoop over in reading, but sit erect; it is far more healthy, and in fact more comfortable. It is very injurious to permit the sun's rays to fall upon the page which you are reading.

FIRE-PLACES.—Your sleeping and living rooms should have open fire-places; it affords the surest and best of ventilation, and has been adopted by all the European hospitals. Steam heat in living rooms is not wholesome, but serves well in entries and halls. Farnace heat is also seriously objected to in sanitary hospitals.

TO BREAK UP BAD HABITS.—Avoid the places, the persons and the thoughts that lead to temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength and incentive of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle if you fail once, or twice, or thrice, but persevere and conquer. A failure only shows how much need there is to strive.

TO PRESERVE PINE-APPLES.—Peel the pine-apple, cutting out all the brown eyes, as they give it a bitter taste. Cut in small pieces, say two inches large. Mix thoroughly, in a large earthen dish, with plenty of granulated sugar, the same as for eating. Have the jars ready sealed and dried, put in the fruit packed closely, and after filling run a silver knife or spoon in it at the sides to exclude the air. Put a tablespoonful of brandy on the top of each and seal up at once. No cooking required.

FOR APOPLEXY.—Rub powerfully on the back, head and neck, making horizontal and downward movements. This draws blood away from the front brain and vitalizes the involuntary nerve. Second—While rubbing, call for cold water immediately, which apply to the face and to the hair on the top and side head. Third—Call for a bucket of water as hot as can be borne, and pour it by dipperfuls on the back head and neck for several minutes. The effect will be wonderful for vitalizing the medulla oblongata; it vitalizes the whole body, and the patient will generally start up into full conscious life in a very short time.